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Longer Narrative Poems

(Eighteenth Century)

Edited for Schools by

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
	vii
CYMON AND IPHIGENIA	<i>Dryden</i>
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK	<i>Pope</i>
THE HERMIT	<i>Parnell</i>
JOHN GILPIN	<i>Cowper</i>
TAM o' SHANTER	<i>Burns</i>
PETER GRIMES	<i>Crabbe</i>
THE ANCIENT MARINER	<i>Coleridge</i>
NOTES	98
QUESTIONS AND SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS	106
HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY	111

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA *Frontispiece*
 After the Painting by Lord Leighton.
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INTRODUCTION

UNLIKE the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, the eighteenth was not prolific in narrative poetry. With the Restoration came an age of disillusionment, which spoke disrespectfully of heroes. "Those athletic brutes whom we undeservedly call heroes," wrote Dryden; and his puritanic critic, Jeremy Collier, is no less severe. "I scarcely ever heard of any," says he, "but did more mischief than good. These overgrown mortals commonly use their will with their right hand, and their reason with their left." Consequently the epic, though it remained more than ever the theoretic ideal of poets, was realized only in the highly characteristic mock form which Pope has given it in the immortal *Rape of the Lock*. Equally characteristic of the age are the shorter satirical tales in verse of Swift and Prior. The slightly more religious taste of the time was satisfied by such moral apologetics as *The Hermit*, which, though the tale is admirably told, is but a light-hearted attempt to justify the ways of God to man. Cowper restores to us the sympathetic treatment of man and of nature so conspicuously neglected by Pope and his school, and *John Gilpin* is a masterpiece, but the hero is cast in no romantic mould. Burns again could write with the deepest pathos of human joys and sorrows, but that element is lacking in his famous narrative poem. Great life and vigour it has, with the tolerant, sympathetic touch which Chaucer would have appreciated, and Burns is the inspirer of the romantic poets with Wordsworth and Coleridge at their head. Crabbe, both in his metre and his lack of the higher imagination, is

the last of Pope's school.¹ "Pope in worsted stockings," he has been called, for the smooth and silky couplet has become abrupt and uncompromising, and Crabbe never tries to cover up a platitude by ingenious phrase. But his gift of what Tennyson called "a *hard* pathos" is very remarkable. He wrote of real life as he knew it, and though his tales appeal more to the old than to the young, their truth and directness will always make them respectable. Keats hated them, but Byron described their author as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best." Dryden and Coleridge really stand outside the eighteenth century. Dryden by date, and Coleridge in spirit. But Dryden's last work, the *Fables*, was produced in 1700, and he was so obviously the master of Pope that his poem is here in place. His slow but masculine and progressive genius turned back to Chaucer at the close, and there is no sign of old age in *Cymon and Iphigenia*. *The Ancient Mariner* marks an epoch in English literature. The romantic element has ever since been permanent in our poetry, and it seems impossible that an immense spiritual gulf such as divides Pope from Coleridge should ever again be opened. The hero will always survive, not indeed as "an athletic brute," but as a fellow-creature of our own, at war with circumstance or with himself; and the well-told tale of his adventures is immortal.

¹ The actual date of *Peter Grimes* is 1812.

DRYDEN.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, resort ;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth ;
There lived a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd ;
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir :
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind. 10
His soul belied the features of his face ;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground,
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care, 20
Were exercised in vain on wit's despair ;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus changed his name,

And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute ;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove, 30
And loathed to see what nature made him love ;
So to his country farm the fool confined ;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleased with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.

It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way ;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake, 41
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;
Where, in a plain defend'd by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood :
And on the margin of the fount was laid 50
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid ;
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd.
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest
Than by the charming features of her face,
And, ev'n in slumber, a superior grace :
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar ;
Her bosom to the view was only bare : 60
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,

To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;
 The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
 And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
 Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
 New as he was to love, and novice in delight :
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
 His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh ;
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense 70
 First found his want of words, and fear'd offence :
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,
 By his clown accent, and his country tone.
 Through the rude chaos thus the running light
 Shot the first ray that pierced the native night :
 Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
 Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd :
 Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
 Illumined heaven and earth, and roll'd around the year.
 So reason in this brutal soul began : 80
 Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
 Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
 By love his want of words and wit he found ;
 That sense of want prepared the future way
 To knowledge, and disclosed the promise of a day.

What not his father's carc, nor tutor's art,
 Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
 The best instructor, Love, at once inspired,
 As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fired :
 Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife, 90
 Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ;
 His gross material soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her kind ;
 Exciting a desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
 This made the first impression on his mind,
 Above, but just above, the brutal kind.

For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
 Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;
 But love in gross, and stupidly admire :
 As flies, allured by light, approach the fire.
 Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 First likes the whole, then separates what he sees ;
 On several parts a several praise bestows,
 The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
 The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
 The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
 And ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air. 100
 From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
 Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breast.
 Long on the last he dwelt, though evry part
 A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
 (A judge erected from a country clown)
 He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
 And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid.
 He would have waked her, but restrain'd his thought,
 And love new-born the first good manners taught. 120
 An awful fear his ardent wish withhold,
 Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
 For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
 Excelling all the rest of human race :
 And things divine, by common sense he knew,
 Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :
 So checking his desire, with trembling heart
 Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart ;
 Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
 Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
 But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day. 130
 At length awaking, Iphigene the fair,
 (So was the beauty call'd, who caused his care)

Unclosed her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slavering cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.

Then she : What make you, Cymon, here alone ?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known,
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breast received the envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleased amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust.
This to prevent, she waked her sleepy crew,
And rising hasty took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid
To see her safe ; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But sought his father's house, with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confined.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
But doubtfully received, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd : the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth required, above the rest.

With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire ;
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd

140

150

160

With liberal arts to cultivate his mind : 170

He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhor'd.

Thus the man-child advanced, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd :
His brutal manners from his breast exiled,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd :
In every exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspired :
Inspired by love, whose business is to please ;
He rode, he fenceed, he moved with graceful ease,
More famed for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which he choked in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love.
Love made an active progress through his mind,
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refined,
The drowsy waked ; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,
And, though he loved perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd.
And liked an error of the better hand ;
Excused the excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refined :
So Cymon, since his sire indulged his will,
Impetuous loved, and would be Cymon still ;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd and bishop'd by the fair. 200

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he moved,
Cipseus the father of the fair he loved :
But he was pre-engaged by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise :
And Iphigene, obliged by former vows,

Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse :
 Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
 Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
 Nor could retract ; and thus, as fate decreed,
 Though better loved, he spoke too late to speed. 210

The doom was past ; the ship already sent
 Did all his tardy diligence prevent :
 Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
 While stormy Cymon thus in secret said :
 The time is come for Iphigene to find
 The miracle she wrought upon my mind :
 Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
 In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
 For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
 Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design. 220

Resolved he said ; and rigg'd with speedy care
 A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
 The secret ship with chosen friends he stored,
 And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
 Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
 Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore ;
 Nor long expected, for the following tide
 Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
 When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd, 230
 And stopp'd her flight ; then standing on his prow,
 In haughty terms he thus defied the foe :
 Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
 To prove the last extremities of war.
 Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide ;
 Already were the vessels side by side,
 These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
 But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
 Which with tenacious hold his foes embraced,
 And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he pass'd.
 Fierce was the fight, but hastening to his prey, 241

By force the furious lover freed his way :
 Himself alone dispersed the Rhodian crew,
 The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew ;
 Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
 He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
 And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
 Whom thus he cheer'd : O Rhodian youth, I fought
 For love alone, nor other booty sought

250

Your lives are safe ; your vessel I resign,
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine :
 In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
 Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you :
 Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove ;
 The parent could not sell the daughter's love ;
 Or if he could, my love disdains the laws,
 And like a king by conquest gains his cause :
 Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain ;
 Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.

260

You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
 And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the accord,
 And Iphigene to Cymon was restored :
 While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
 To seeming sadness she composed her look ;
 As if by force subjected to his will,
 Though pleased, dissembling, and a woman still.
 And, for she wept, he wiped her falling tears,
 And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears ;

270

For yours I am, he said, and have deserved
 Your love much better, whom so long I served,
 Than he to whom your formal father tied
 Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
 Thus while he spoke, he seized the willing prey,
 As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
 Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd

She rather would be thought, than was, distress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind ?

Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,

280

Proud of the present, to the future blind !

Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,

And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,

Scarce the third glass of measured hours was run,

When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun ;

The promise of a storm ; the shifting gales

Forsake, by fits, and fill, the flagging sails ;

Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,

And night came on, not by degrees prepared,

But all at once ; at once the winds arise,

290

The thunders roll, the forked lightning flies.

In vain the master issues out commands,

In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands ;

The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,

And from the first they labour in despair.

The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,

Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,

Stunn'd with the different blows ; then shoots amain,

Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.

Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,

300

Plunged from the height of heaven to deepest hell,

Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,

Now cursed the more, the more he had been bless'd ;

More anxious for her danger than his own,

Death he defies ; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints

Adds pious prayers, and wearis all the saints ;

Ev'n, if she could, her love she would repent,

But since she cannot, dreads the punishment :

Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,

310

Are ever present, and her erime upbraid.

She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,

Augments her anger, as her fears increase :

From her own back the burden would remove,
 And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
 Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
 Invade and violate another's right :
 The Powers incensed a while deferr'd his pain,
 And made him master of his vows in vain ;
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride ; 320
 That for his daring enterprise she died ;
 Who rather not resisted than complied.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
 She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence,
 Sex to the last. Meantime with sails declined
 The wandering vessel drove before the wind ;
 Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow,
 Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
 But every moment wait the coming hlow.
 Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd 330
 The land before them, and their fears renew'd ;
 The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
 The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near ; to this they bent,
 And just escaped ; their force already spent :
 Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
 The land unknown at leisure they survey ;
 And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
 The rising towers of Rhodes at distant view ;
 And cursed the hostile shore of Pasimond, 340
 Saved from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frightened sailors tried their strength in vain,
 To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main ;
 But the stiff wind withstood the labouring oar,
 And forced them forward on the fatal shore !
 The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
 And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land.
 Yet still they might be safe, because unknown ;
 But as ill fortune seldom comes alone,

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA

11

The vessel they dismiss'd was driven before, 350
Already shelter'd on their native shore ;
Known each, they know ; but each with change of cheer ;
The vanquish'd side exults ; the victors fear ;
Not them but theirs, made prisoners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and deprived of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms ;
Mouths without hands ; maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence :
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, hut in times of need, at hand ;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepared
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.

The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few ;
But crowding on, the last the first impel,
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslaved, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Deprived of day, and held in fetters fast :
His life was only spared at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had released :
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair ;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclined,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd ; 380
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel ?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height ;

The latter pleased ; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepared the amends for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied, 390
A Rhodian beauty was the destined bride ;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bless'd.
Lysimachus, who ruled the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate :
He loved Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire ;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapproved,
Nor yct preferr'd, or like Ormisda loved :
So stood the affair : some little hope remain'd, 400
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Meantime young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepared the feast ;
And frugally resolved (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Received the news, and studied quick relief :
The fatal day approach'd ; if force were used,
The magistrate his public trust abused ; 410
To justice liable, as law required ;
For when his office ceased, his power expired :
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand
By force to seize, and then forsake the land :
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love :
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by power, debased by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd : but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate. 420

Love never fails to master what he finds,

But works a different way in different minds,
 The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
 This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
 Began in murder, to conclude in rape :
 Unpraised by me, though Heaven sometimes may bless
 An impious act with undeserved success :
 The great, it seems, are privileged alone
 To punish all injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed :
 For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolved on force, his wit the prætor bent
 To find the means that might secure the event ;
 Nor long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
 In captive Cymon found the friend he sought.
 The example pleased : the cause and crime the same ;
 An injured lover, and a ravish'd dame.
 How much he durst he knew by what he dared,
 The less he had to lose, the less he cared
 To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
 In depth of night he for the prisoner sent ;
 In secret sent, the public view to shun,
 Then with a sober smile he thus begun :
 The Powers above, who bounteously bestow
 Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
 Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
 To such as are not worthy to receive ;
 For valour and for virtue they provide
 Their due reward, but first they must be tried :
 These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd ;
 'Twas yours to improve the talent they bestow'd ;
 They gave you to be born of noble kind,
 They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the grosser parts ; they gave you care
 To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

430

440

450

Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain entrusted in a grateful ground :

But still the great experiment remain'd, 460

They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd ;

That you might learn the gift was theirs alone :

And, when restored, to them the blessing own.

Restored it soon will be ; the means prepared,

The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shared :

Be but yourself, the care to me resign,

Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.

Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,

Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife,

But yet not his ; to-morrow is behind, 470

And love our fortunes in one band has join'd :

Two brothers are our foes, Ormisda mine,

As much declared as Pasimond is thine :

To-morrow must their common vows be tied :

With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,

Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead ;

'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed :

Our task perform'd, we next prepare for right,

And let the losers talk in vain of right : 480

We with the fair will sail before the wind,

If they are grieved, I leave the laws behind.

Speak thy resolves : if now thy courage droop,

Despair in prison, and abandon hope ;

But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain,

(For liberty without thy love were vain ;)

Then second my design to seize the prey,

Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.

Said Cymon overjoy'd : Do thou propose

The means to fight, and only show the foes : 490

For from the first, when love had fired my mind,

Resolved I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lysimachus replied :

Let Heaven be neuter, and the sword decide ;
 The spousals are prepared, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day :
 By this the brides are waked, their grooms are dress'd ;
 All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
 And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair,

Now hear the rest ; when day resigns the light,
 And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call ; my chosen few
 With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
 Then entering unexpected will we seize
 Our destined prey, from men dissolved in ease,
 By wine disabled, unprepared for fight :
 And hastening to the seas, suborn our flight :

The seas are ours, for I command the fort,
 A ship well mann'd expects us in the port :
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleased : the prisoner to his hold retired,
 His troop with equal emulation fired,
 All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work required.
 The sun arose ; the streets were throng'd around,
 The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
 The double bridegroom at the door attends

The expected spouse, and entertains the friends ;
 They meet, they lead to chureh, the priests invoke
 The Powers, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
 This done, they feast, and at the close of night
 By kindled torches vary their delight,
 These lead the lively danee, and those the brimming bowls
 invite.

Now, at the appointed place and hour assign'd,
 With souls resolved the ravishers were join'd :
 Three bands are form'd ; the first is sent before

500

510

520

To favour the retreat, and guard the shore ;
 The second at the palace-gate is placed,
 And up the lofty stairs ascend the last :
 A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
 But coats of mail beneath seeure their breasts.

530

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
 And find the feast renew'd, the table spread :
 Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
 Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
 When, like the harpies, rushing through the hall
 The sudden troop appcars, the tables fall.
 Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown ;
 Each ravisher prepares to seize his own :
 The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
 Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
 Quiek to redeem the prey their plighted lords
 Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.

540

But late is all defence, and succour vain ;
 The rape is made, the ravishers remain :
 Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
 To bear the purchased prize in safety to the shore.
 The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
 With forward faces not confessing fear :
 Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend ;
 Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

550

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
 The blade return'd unbathed, and to the handle bent.
 Stout Cymon soon remounts, and eleft in two
 His rival's head with one descending blow :
 And as the ncxt in rank Ormisda stood,
 He turn'd the point ; the sword, inured to blood,
 Bored his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.
 With vow'd revenge the gathering crowd pursues,
 The ravishers turn head, the fight renewes ;
 The hall is heap'd,with corps ; the sprinkled gore

560

Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispersed at length the drunken squadron flies,
The victors to their vessel bear the prize ;
And hear behind loud groans, and lamentable cries.

The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
They ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the quay.
What should the people do when left alone ?

The governor and government are gone ;
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd ;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sovereign of the sea no more ;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store ;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grind their teeth, and cast a helpless view :
In vain with darts a distant war they try ;
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ :
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost,
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With generous wines their spirits they restore :
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides ;
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws :
Both parties lose by turns ; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede :
The term expired, from Candia they remove,
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

570

580

590

POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing.—This verse to Caryl, Muse ! is due :
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess ! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle ?
O, say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord ? 10
In tasks so bold can little men engage ?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage ?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day :
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest : 20
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed

The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head :
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,
 That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to glow,
 Seem'd to her ear bis winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :—

“ Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ; 30
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel-powers
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers ;
 Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd :
 What though no credit doubting wits may give ?
 The fair and innocent shall still believe. 40

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky :
 These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould ;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
 Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
 That all her vanities at once are dead ;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of ombre, after death survive.
 For when the fair in all their pride expire,

To their first elements their souls retire :
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name. 60
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

“ Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced :
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though honour is the word with men below.

“ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love denied :
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, “ your grace ” salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau. 90

“ Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,

And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart ; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call :
 O, blind to truth ! the sylphs contrive it all.

“ Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
 But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where :
 Warn'd by the sylph, O pious maid, beware !
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
 Beware of all, but most beware of man ! ”

He said : when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue ;
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux :
 Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystie order laid.
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
 A heavenly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
 The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the saered rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here

The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culs with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Herc files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike ;
And like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,

Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinthbs his slaves detains,
And mighty bearts are held in slender cbains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the funny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired. 30
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For wben success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire :
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The powers gave ear, and granted half his praycr ;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die : 50
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,

Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay :—
 All but the sylph : with careful thoughts oppress'd,
 The impending wo sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons straight his denizens of air ;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Whcre light disports in ever-mingling dyes ;
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whenc'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
 Superior by the head, was Ariel placed : 70
 His purple pinions opening to the sun.
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun :—
 “ Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear !
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear !
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
 By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
 Some in the fields of purest ether play,
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day :
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky : 80
 Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,

Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

90

“ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious eare ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison’d essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounee, or add a furbelow.

100

“ This day blaek omens threat the brightest fair
That e’er deserved a watchful spirit’s eare ;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight ;
But what or where, the fates have wrapp’d in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail China jar reecive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new broeade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or neeklaee, at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom’d that Shock must
fall.

110

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your eharge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta’s eare ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine :
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite loek ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shoek.

“ To fifty ehosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm’d with ribs of whale : 120
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide eircumference around.

“ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
 Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins ;
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye :
 Gums and pomatum shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain : 130
 Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivel’d flower :
 Or, as Ixion fix’d, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill ;
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below ! ”

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear : 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown’d with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name :
 Here Britain’s statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
 Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ; 10
 In various talk the instructive hours they pass’d,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;

A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom ;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Aricl perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore ;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings, in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power ;
Four knaves in garbs succinet, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
“ Let Spades be trumps ! ” she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board :

20

30

40

50

As many more Manillio forced to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field :
 Him Basto follow'd ; but his fate, more hard,
 Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears ;
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd ;
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu ;—
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim died.
 Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride : 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread ;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The baron now his Diamonds pours apace !
 The embroider'd King, who shows but half his face,
 And his resplendent Queen, with powers combined,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green. 80
 Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye ;
 The pierced battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (O shameful chane !) the Queen of Hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90
 She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
 And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
 On one nice trick depends the general fate :
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth : the King unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate !
 Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
 And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For, lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze ;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide : 110
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap their earful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee, which makes the politiean wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes,
 Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. 120
 Ah, cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late ;
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !

Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair ;
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought : 140
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired ;
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering rivex wide,
To inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed : 150
Fate urged the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
But airy substance soon unites again :
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last ;

Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie. 160

" Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
The victor cried : " the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair ;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live ! 170
What time would spare, from steel receives its date ;
And monuments, like men, submit to fate.
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel ? "

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And seeret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair. 10

For, that sad momcnt, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,

Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy eave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And serene'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and McGrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd :
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affection, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ; 40
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout : 50

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks ;
 Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works :
 And maids, turn'd bottles, eall aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand :
 Then thus address'd the power :—“ Hail, wayward queen !
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :

Parent of vapours and of female wit,
 Who give the hysterie or poetie fit, 60
 On various tempers act by various ways,

Make some take physie, others scribble plays ;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,

And send the godly in a pet to pray :

A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.

But, O ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beautcous face,

Like citron-waters matrons' ehecks inflame,

Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70

If e'er with hairy horns I planted heads,

Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,

Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,

Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,

Whieh not the tears of brightest eyes could ease ;

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin ;

That single act gives half the world the spleen.”

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer. 80
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound : 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.

" O wretched maid ! " she spread her hands, and cried,
While Hampton's echoes, " Wretched maid ! " replied :
" Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound ?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around ? 100
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare ?
Honour forbid ! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.

Methinks already I your tears survey ;
Already hear the horrid things they say ;
Already see you a degraded toast
And all your honour in a whisper lost ! 110
How shall I then your hapless fame defend ?

'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all ! " 120

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane).
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out :—“ My lord, why, what the devil !
 Z——ds ! d—— the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be civil.
 Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay, prythee, pox !
 Give her the hair ! ”—he spoke, and rapp'd his box. 130

“ It grieves me much,” replid the peer again,
 “ Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain :
 But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair :
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.”
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbricil, hateful gnome ! forbears not so ;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see ! the nymph in beautcous grief appears,
 Her eyes hal-languishing, half-drown'd in tears :
 On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she raised ; and thus she said :—

“ For ever cursed be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away !
 Happy ! ah, ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-court these eycs had never seen ! 150
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
 O, had I rather unadmired remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea !
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
 O, had I stay'd and said my prayers at home ! 160
 'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell :
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
 The tottering China shook without a wind ;
 Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
 A sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believed too late !
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Onee gave new beauties to the snowy neck ; 170
 The sister-lock now sits uneouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
 And tempts, onee more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 O, hadst thou, eruel ! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these ! ”

CANTO V.

She said : the pitying audience melt in tears,
 But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails ;
 For who ean move when fair Belinda fails ?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido raged in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan ;
 Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began :—

“ Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford ?
 Why angels eall'd, and angel-like adored ?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux ?
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains :

That men may say, when we the front-box grace :
 Behold the first in virtue as in face !
 O ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old-age away ; 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
 To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;
 Since painted or not painted, all shall fade ;
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid ;
 What then remains, but well our power to use,
 And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose ? 30
 And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ;
 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
 " To arms, to arms !" the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin the attack ;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ; 40
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found ;
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
 Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound : 50
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng ;
 One died in metaphor, and one in song, 60
 " O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast :
 " Those eyes are made so killing !" —was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
 The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plumc had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown :
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau revived again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair :
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
 Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued : 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw :
 The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

" Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great-grandsire wore about his neck, 90
In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew ;
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low :
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind ;
All that I dread is leaving you behind ! 100
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock !" she cries ; and all around
"Restore the lock !" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain : 110 -
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd ;
So Heaven decrees ! with Heaven who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases :
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound ;
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes :

So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view.
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light. 130
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray ;
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eycs ;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;—
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

PARNELL.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose,
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway : 10
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
So when a smooth expanse receivcs imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. 20

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell : the pilgrim-staff he bore,

And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ; 30
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair :
 Then near approaching, " Father ! hail," he cried ;
 And, " Hail, my Son !" the rev'rend Sire replied :
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart : 40
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Th'is youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
 It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home ; 50
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive ; the liv'ried servants wait ;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play ; 60
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,

And shake the neigh'b'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
 An early banquet deek'd the splendid hall ;
 Rieh luseions wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
 And but the landlord none had cause of woe :
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

70

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
 So seem'd the Sire, when far upon the road
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward.

80

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neigh'b'ring seat.
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
 Its owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast ;

90

('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest ;)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ; 100
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls :
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted,) serv'd them both to dine ;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
 In one so rich a life so poor and rude ;
 And why should such (within himself he cried)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ? 110
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day : 120
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
 Again the wand'lers want a place to lie : 130
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh :
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great ;

It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

“Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
“To him who gives us all I yield a part ;
“From him you come, for him accept it here,
“A frank and sober, more than costly, cheer.”
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe bluc fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flits, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads ; a servant show'd the way :
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before :
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead !

140

150

160

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes ; 170
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 " Detested wretch ! "—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, 180
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

" Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life, to vice unknown,
 " In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 " These charms success in our bright region find, 190
 " And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 " For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :
 " Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
 " Then know the truth of government divine,
 " And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 " The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 " In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 " Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 " On using second means to work his ends :
 " 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye, 200
 " The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 " Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
 " And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 " What strange events can strike with more surprise
 " Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes ?

" Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 " And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
 " The great vain man who far'd on costly food,
 " Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
 " Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine, 210
 " And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 " Has with the cup the graceless custom lost,
 " And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
 " The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 " Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor,
 " With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 " That Heav'n can bless if mortals will be kind.
 " Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 " And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 " Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, 220
 " With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 " In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 " And loose from dross the silver runs below.
 " Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 " But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
 " (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 " And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 " To what excesses had his dotage run !
 " But God to save the father took the son.
 " To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go, 230
 " (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow) ;
 " The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 " Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 " But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 " Had that false servant sped in safety back :
 " This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 " And what a fund of charity would fail !
 " Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 " Depart in peace, resigned, and sin no more."
 On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew, 240
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.

Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
" Lord ! as in heav'n; on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace. ~

COWPER.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING THAT HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED
AND CAME HOME SAFE AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
“ Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“ To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

“ My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

10

20

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. 30

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in. 50

So down he came ; for loss of time,
 Although it grieved him sore,
 Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
 Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
 Were suited to their mind,
 When Betty screaming camc down stairs,
 " The wine is left behind ! "

60

" Good lack ! " quoth he—" yet bring it me,
 My leathern belt likewise,
 In which I bear my trusty sword,
 When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
 Had two stone bottles found,
 To hold the liquor that she loved,
 And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
 Through which the belt he drew,
 And hung a bottle on each side,
 To make his balance true.

70

Then over all, that he might be
 Equipped from top to toe,
 His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
 He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
 Upon his nimble steed,
 Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
 With caution and good heed.

80

But finding soon a smoother road
 Beneath his well-shod feet,
 The snorting beast began to trot,
 Which galled him in his seat.

So, " Fair and softly," John he cried,
 But John he cried in vain ;
 That trot became a gallop soon,
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
 Who cannot sit upright,
 He grasped the mane with both his hands,
 And eke with all his might. 90

His horse, who never in that sort
 Had handled been before,
 What thing upon his back had got
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
 He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
 Till, loop and button failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung ;
 A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all ;
 And every soul cried out, " Well done ! "
 As loud as he could bawl. 110

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around ;
 " He carries weight ! " " He rides a race ! "
 " 'Tis for a thousand pound ! "

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
 How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

120

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
 The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
 Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced ;
 For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

130

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

140

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house ! ”
 They all at once did cry ;
 “ The dinner waits, and we are tired ; ”—
 Said Gilpin—“ So am I ! ”

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there !
 For why ?—his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

150

So like an arrow swift he flew,
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend the calender's
 His horse at last stood still.

160

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all ? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke :

170

“ I came because your horse would come,
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here—
 They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed his ready wit,
 " My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

" But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."

Said John, " It is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 " I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
 He lost them sooner than at first ;
 For why ?—they were too big.

190

200

210

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
 That drove them to the Bell,
 " This shall be yours, when you bring back
 My husband safe and well." 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain :
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
 By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more,
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy at his heels, 230
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry :
 " Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman ! "
 Not one of them was mute ;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space ;
 The toll-men thinking, as before,
 That Gilpin rede a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king !

And Gilpin, long live he !

250

And when he next doth ride abroad

May I be there to see !

BURNS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownys and of Bogilis full is this Buke

GAWIN DOUGLAS,

1. Chapman billies : pedlar fellows	WHEN chapman billies leave the street, And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, As market-days are wearing late,
2. Drouthy : dry, thirsty.	An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
4. Gate : road.	While we sit bousing at the nappy,
5. Bousing : drinking. Nappy : liquor, etc.	An' getting fou and unco happy, We think na on the lang Scots miles,
6. Fou : drunk (full).	The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That lie between us and our hame,
8. Slaps : gaps in fences.	Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
13. Fand : found.	This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonie lasses.)
14. Ae : one.	O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise, As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
18 Ta'en : to take Cf. 73.	She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum, A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ;
19 Skellum : scamp (schemer).	That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was na sober ;
20. Blethering : loquacious. Blellum : blabber.	20

That ilk a melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That ev'ry naig was ea'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring foul on ;
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ; 30

25. Naig : nag.
 Ca'ed : nailed.

31. Warlocks : wizards.
 Mirk : dark, murk.
 33. Gars : makes. Cf. 123.
 Greet : lament.

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
 Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frac the wife despises !

39. Ingle : house-fire.

40. Reaming : foaming.

Swats : new ale.
 41. Souter : shoemaker.

But to our tale : Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ; 40
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
 They had been foul for weeks thegither.
 The night drove on wi' sangs and clatter ;
 And ay the ale was growing better :
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious :
 The souter tauld his queerest stories ;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistler.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy :
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure ;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

63. Borealis i
sc. Aurora.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ; 60

Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;

Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—

Nae man can tether time or tide ;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ; 70

And sic a night he takts the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd

That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg, 80

81. Skelpit :
hurried.
Dub : puddle.

Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;

Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

86. Bogle :
bogy, goblin.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd ; 90

90 Smoored :
was smothered.
Birks : birches.

And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane ;

91. Meikle :
big, mickle.

And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;

93. Whins :
furze, gorse.

And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll : 100
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a blcze ;
 Thro' ilk bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—
 Inspiring bold John Barlcycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !

103. Bore : chink.
 107. Tippenny . ale.
 110. Boddle : twopence.

Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. 110
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;

116. Brent new : brand new.
 119. Winnock-bunker : window seat.
 121. Towzie tyke : shaggy cur.

Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 At winnock-hunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ; 120
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And hy some devilish cantraip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table, 130

124. A' : all.
 Dirl : vibrate (thrill).
 127. Cantraip : magical.
 Slight : trick.

131. Airns : A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
irons. Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;

134. Gab: A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
mouth. Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted ;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,

140. Heft : The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ; 140
handle. Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

143. Glowered : As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and eurious,
stared. The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka earlin swat and reekit,

147. Cleekit : And coost her duddies to the wark,
took hands. And linket at it in her sark ! 150
Cf. 217.:

148. Carlin : Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,
witch. A' plump and strapping in their teens ;

149 Coost : Their sarks, instead o' ereeshie flannen,
cast, threw off. Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen !
Duddies : Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
clothes. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,

150. Linket : I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
tripped. For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

151. Queans : But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,

153. Creeshie : Rigwooddie hags wad spean a foal, 160
greasy. Lowping and flinging on a crummock,

157. Hurdies : I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

158. Blink : But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,

glimpse. Spean ' wean.

161. Lowping : There was ae winsome wench and walie,

leaping. That night enlisted in the core,

Crummock : I (Lang after kend on Carrick shore ;

staff.

163. Brawlie : well, finely.

164. Walie : jolly.

165. Core : company.

For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
169. Bear : And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
barley. And kept the country-side in fear,) 170
171. Cutty : Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
short. That while a lassie she had worn,
Harn : coarse flax. In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
174. Vauntie : It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
boastful. Ah ! little kend thy reverend grannie,
176 Coft : That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
bought. Wi' two pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !
179. Cour : But here my muse her wing maun cour ;
lower. Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ; 180
181. Lap : leapt. To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang.)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
184. Een : eyes And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
186 Hotcht : And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main :
fidgeted. Till first ae caper, syne another,
187 Syne : then Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
188 Tint : lost. And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark ! "
And in an instant all was dark : 190
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
193 Fyke : As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
fuss. 194. Byke : When plundering herds assail their byke ;
nest. 195 Open : As open pussie's mortal foes,
give tongue. When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
Pussie : a bare. As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
200. Eldritch : Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow. 200
weird. Hollow : shout, Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin !
hallo. In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane of the brig :
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,

210. Fient : The fient a tail she had to shake ! 210
 devil.

213. Ettle : And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 purpose. But little wist she Maggie's mettle—

215. Hale : safe, Ac spring brought off her master hale,
 whole. But left behind her ain grey tail :

217. Claught : The carlin claught her by the rump,
 caught. And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed ;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

220

CRABBE.

PETER GRIMES.

OLD Peter Grimes made fishing his employ,
His wife he cabin'd with him and his boy,
And seem'd that life laborious to enjoy.
To town came quiet Peter with his fish,
And had of all a civil word and wish.
He left his trade upon the Sabbath-day,
And took young Peter in his hand to pray :
But soon the stubborn boy from care broke loose,
At first refused, then added his abuse :
His father's love he scorn'd, his power defied, 10
But being drunk, wept sorely when he died.

Yes ! then he wept, and to his mind there came
Much of his conduct, and he felt the shame,—
How he had oft the good old man reviled,
And never paid the duty of a child ;
How, when the father in his Bible read,
He in contempt and anger left the shed :
“ It is the word of life,” the parent cried ;
—“ This is the life itself,” the boy replied,
And while old Peter in amazement stood, 20
Gave the hot spirit to his boiling blood :—
How he, with oath and furious speech, began
To prove his freedom and assert the man ;
And when the parent check'd his impious rage,
How he had cursed the tyranny of age,—

Nay, once had dealt the sacrilegious blow
 On his bare head, and laid his parent low ;
 The father groan'd—" If thou art old," said he,
 " And hast a son—thou wilt remember me :
 " Thy mother left me in a happy time, 30
 " Thou kill'dst not her—Heav'n spares the double crime."

On an inn-settle, in his maudlin grief,
 This he revolved, and drank for his relief.

Now lived the youth in freedom, but debarr'd
 From constant pleasure, and he thought it hard ;
 Hard that he could not every wish obey,
 But must awhile relinquish ale and play ;
 Hard ! that he could not to his cards attend,
 But must acquire the money he would spend.

With greedy eye he look'd on all he saw, 40
 He knew not justice, and he laugh'd at law ;
 On all he mark'd, he stretch'd his ready hand ;
 He fish'd by water and he filch'd by land :
 Oft in the night has Peter dropp'd his oar,
 Fled from his boat, and sought for prey on shore ;
 Oft up the hedge-row glided, on his back
 Bearing the orchard's produce in a sack,
 Or farm-yard load, tugg'd fiercely from the stack ;
 And as these wrongs to greater numbers rose,
 The more he look'd on all men as his foes. 50

He built a mud-wall'd hovel, where he kept
 His various wealth, and there he oft-times slept ;
 But no success could please his cruel soul,
 He wished for one to trouble and control ;
 He wanted some obedient boy to stand
 And bear the blow of his outrageous hand ;
 And hoped to find in some propitious hour
 A feeling creature subject to his power.

Peter had beard there were in London then,—
 Still have they being !—workhouse-clearing men,
 Who, undisturb'd by feelings just or kind,
 Would parish-boys to needy tradesmen bind :
 They in their want a trifling sum would take,
 And toiling slaves of piteous orphans make.

Such Peter sought, and when a lad was found,
 The sum was dealt him, and the slave was bound.
 Some few in town observed in Peter's trap
 A boy, with jacket blue and woollen cap ;
 But none inquired how Peter used the rope,
 Or what the bruise that made the stripling stoop ; 70
 None could the ridges on his back behold,
 None sought him shiv'ring in the winter's cold ;
 None put the question.—“Peter, dost thou give
 “The boy his food ?—What, man ! the lad must live
 “Consider, Peter, let the child have bread,
 “He'll serve thee better if he's stroked and fed.”
 None reason'd thus—and some, on hearing eries,
 Said calmly, “Grimes is at his exercise.”

Pinn'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and abused—
 His efforts punish'd and his food refused,— 80
 Awake tormented,—soon aroused from sleep,—
 Struck if he wept, and yet compell'd to weep,
 The trembling boy dropp'd down and strove to pray,
 Received a blow, and trembling turn'd away,
 Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face ;—while he,
 The savage master, grinn'd in horrid glee :
 He'd now the power he ever loved to show,
 A feeling being subject to his blow.

Thus lived the lad, in hunger, peril, pain,
 His tears despised, his supplications vain : 90
 Compell'd by fear to lie, by need to steal,
 His bed uneasy and unbliss'd his meal,

For three sad years the boy his tortures bore,
And then his pains and trials were no more.

"How died he, Peter?" when the people said,
He growl'd—"I found him lifeless in his bed;"
Then tried for softer tone, and sigh'd, "Poor Sam is dead."
Yet murmurs were there, and some questions ask'd—
How he was fed, how punish'd, and how task'd?
Much they suspected, but they little proved, 100
And Peter pass'd untroubled and unmoved.

Another boy with equal ease was found,
The money granted, and the victim bound;
And what his fate?—One night it chaneed he fell
From the boat's mast and perish'd in her well,
Where fish were living kept, and where the boy
(So reason'd men) could not himself destroy:—

"Yes! so it was," said Peter, "in his play,
"(For he was idle both by night and day,)
"He climb'd the main-mast and then fell below;"— 110
Then show'd his corpse, and pointed to the blow.
"What said the jury?"—they were long in doubt,
But sturdy Peter faced the matter out:
So they dismissed him, saying at the time,
"Keep fast your hatchway when you've boys who climb."
This hit the conscience, and he colour'd more
Than for the closest questions put before.

Thus all his fears the verdict set aside,
And at the slave-shop Peter still applied.

Then came a boy, of manners soft and mild,— 120
Our seamen's wives with grief beheld the child;
All thought (the poor themselves) that he was one
Of gentle blood, some noble sinner's son,
Who had, belike, deceived some humble maid,
Whom he had first seduced and then betray'd:—

However this, he seem'd a gracious lad,
In grief submissive, and with patience sad.

Passive he labour'd, till his slender frame
Bent with his loads, and he at length was lame :
Strange that a frame so weak could bear so long
The grossest insult and the foulest wrong ;
But there were causes—in the town they gave
Fire, food, and comfort, to the gentle slave ;
And though stern Peter, with a cruel hand,
And knotted rope, enforced the rude command,
Yet he consider'd what he'd lately felt,
And his vile blows with selfish pity dealt.

130

One day such draughts the cruel fisher made,
He could not vend them in his borough-trade,
But sail'd for London-mart : the boy was ill,
But ever humbled to his master's will ;
And on the river, where they smoothly sail'd,
He strove with terror and awhile prevail'd ;
But new to danger on the angry sea,
He clung affrighten'd to his master's knee :
The boat grew leaky and the wind was strong,
Rough was the passage and the time was long ;
His liquor fail'd, and Peter's wrath arose.—
No more is known—the rest we must suppose,
Or learn of Peter :—Peter says, he “ spied
“ The stripling's danger and for harbour tried ;
“ Meantime the fish, and then th' apprentice died.”

140

The pitying women raised a clamour round,
And weeping said, “ Thou hast thy 'prentice drown'd.”

Now the stern man was summon'd to the hall,
To tell his tale before the burghers all :
He gave th' account ; profess'd the lad he loved,
And kept his brazen features all unmoved.

150

The mayor himself with tone severe replied,—
 “ Henceforth with thee shall never boy abide ; 160
 “ Hire thee a freeman, whom thou durst not beat,
 “ But who, in thy despite, will sleep and eat :
 “ Free thou art now !—again shouldst thou appear,
 “ Thou’lt find thy sentence, like thy soul, severe.”

Alas ! for Peter not a helping hand,
 So was he hated, could he now command ;
 Alone he row’d his boat, alone he east
 His nets beside, or made his anchor fast :
 To hold a rope or hear a curse was none,—
 He toil’d and rail’d ; he groan’d and swore alone. 170

Thus by himself compell’d to live each day,
 To wait for certain hours the tide’s delay ;
 At the same time the same dull views to see,
 The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree ;
 The water only, when the tides were high,
 When low, the mud half cover’d and half-dry ;
 The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
 And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks ;
 Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
 As the tide rolls by the impeded boat. 180

When tides were neap, and, in the sultry day,
 Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
 Which on each side rose swelling, and below
 The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;
 There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
 There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
 In its hot slimy channel slowly glide ;
 Where the small eels that left the deeper way
 For the warm shore, within the shallows play ;
 Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud, 190
 Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood ;—
 Here dull and hopeless he’d lie down and trace

How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race,
 Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
 Of fishing gull or clang ing golden-eye ;
 What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
 And the loud bittern, from the hull-rush home,
 Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing boom :
 He nursed the feelings these dull scenes produce,
 And loved to stop beside the opening sluice ; 200
 Where the small stream, confined in narrow bound,
 Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound ;
 Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
 Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

Besides these objects, there were places three,
 Which Peter seem'd with certain dread to see ;
 When he drew near them he would turn from each,
 And loudly whistle till he pass'd the reach.

A change of scene to him brought no relief,
 In town, 'twas plain, men took him for a thief : 210
 The sailors' wives would stop him in the street,
 And say, " Now, Peter, thou'st no boy to beat :"
 Infants at play when they perceived him, ran,
 Warning each other—" That's the wicked man :"
 He growl'd an oath, and in an angry tone
 Cursed the whole place and wish'd to be alone.

Alone he was, the same dull scenes in view,
 And still more gloomy in his sight they grew :
 Though man he hated, yet employ'd alone
 At bootless labour, he would swear and groan, 220
 Cursing the shoals that glided by the spot,
 And gulls that caught them when his arts could not.

Cold nervous tremblings shook his sturdy frame,
 And strange disease—he couldn't say the name ;
 Wild were his dreams, and oft he rose in fright,
 Waked by his views of horrors in the night,—

Horrors that would the sternest minds amaze,
 Horrors that demons might be proud to raise :
 And though he felt forsaken, grieved at heart,
 To think he lived from all mankind apart ; 230
 Yet, if a man approach'd, in terrors he would start.

A winter pass'd since Peter saw the town,
 And summer lodgers were again come down ;
 These, idly curious, with their glasses spied
 The ships in bay as anchor'd for the tide,—
 The river's craft,—the bustle of the quay,—
 And sea-port views, which landmen love to see.

One, up the river, had a man and boat
 Seen day by day, now anchor'd, now afloat ;
 Fisher he seem'd, yet used no net nor hook ; 240
 Of sca-fowl swimming by no heed he took,
 But on the gliding waves still fix'd his lazy look :
 At certain stations he would view the stream,
 As if he stood bewilder'd in a dream,
 Or that some power had chain'd him for a time,
 To feel a curse or meditate on crime.

This known, some curious, some in pity went,
 And others question'd—"Wretch, dost thou repent ?"
 He heard, he trembled, and in fear resign'd
 His boat : new terror fill'd his restless mind ; 250
 Furious he grew, and up the country ran,
 And there they seized him—a distemper'd man :—
 Him we received, and to a parish-bed,
 Follow'd and cursed, the groaning man was led.

Here when they saw him, whom they used to shun,
 A lost, lone man, so harass'd and undone ;
 Our gentle females, ever prompt to feel,
 Perceived compassion on their anger steal ;
 His crimes they could not from their memories blot,
 But they were grieved, and trembled at his lot. 260

A Priest too came, to whom his words are told ;
And all the signs they shudder'd to behold.

“Look ! look ! ” they cried ; “his limbs with horror shake,
“ And as he grinds his teeth, what noise they make !
“ How glare his angry eyes, and yet he's not awake :
“ See ! what cold drops upon his forehead stand,
“ And how he clenches that broad bony hand.”

The Priest attending, found he spoke at times
As one alluding to his fears and crimes ;
“ It was the fall,” he mutter'd, “ I can show 270
“ The manner how,—I never struck a blow :”—
And then aloud,—“ Unhand me, free my chain !
“ On oath he fell—it struck him to the brain :—
“ Why ask my father ?—that old man will swear
“ Against my life ; besides, he wasn't there :
“ What, all agreed ?—Am I to die to-day ?—
“ My Lord, in mercy give me time to pray.”

Then as they watch'd him, calmer he became,
And grew so weak he couldn't move his frame,
But murmuring spake—while they could see and hear 280
The start of terror and the groan of fear ;
See the large dew-beads on his forehead rise,
And the cold death-drop glaze his sunken eyes :
Nor yet he died, but with unwonted force
Seem'd with some fancied being to discourse :
He knew not us, or with accustom'd art
He hid the knowledge, yet exposed his heart ;
'Twas part confession and the rest defence,
A madman's tale, with gleams of waking sense.

“ I'll tell you all,” he said, “ the very day 290
“ When the old man first placed them in my way :
“ My father's spirit—he who always tried
“ To give me trouble, when he lived and died—

“ When he was gone he could not be content
 “ To see my days in painful labour spent,
 “ But would appoint his meetings, and he made
 “ Me watch at these, and so neglect my trade.

“ 'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
 “ No living being had I lately seen ;
 “ I paddled up and down and dipp'd my net,
 “ But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get,— 300
 “ A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
 “ To plague and torture thus an only son !
 “ And so I sat and look'd upon the stream,
 “ How it ran on, and felt as in a dream :
 “ But dream it was not : No !—I fix'd my eyes
 “ On the mid stream and saw the spirits rise :
 “ I saw my father on the water stand,
 “ And hold a thin pale boy in either hand ;
 “ And there they glided ghastly on the top
 “ Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop : 310
 “ I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
 “ And smiled upon the oar, and down they went.

“ Now, from that day, whenever I began
 “ To dip my net, there stood the hard old man—
 “ He and those boys : I humbled me and pray'd
 “ They would be gone ; they heeded not, but stay'd :
 “ Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,
 “ But, gazing on the spirits, there was I :
 “ They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die : 320
 “ And every day, as sure as day arose,
 “ Would these three spirits meet me ere the close ;
 “ To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
 “ And ‘Come,’ they said, with weak, sad voices, ‘come.’
 “ To row away, with all my strength I tried,
 “ But there were they, hard by me in the tide,
 “ The three unbodied forms—and ‘Come,’ still ‘come,’
 they cried.

" Fathers should pity—but this old man shook
 " His hoary locks, and froze me by a look :
 " Thrice, when I struck them, through the water came 330
 " A hollow groan, that weaken'd all my frame :
 " ' Father ! ' said I, ' have mercy : '—he replied,
 " I know not what—the angry spirit lied,—
 " ' Didst thou not draw thy knife ? ' said he :—' Twas true,
 " But I had pity and my arm withdrew :
 " He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
 " But he has no compassion in his grave.

" There were three places, where they ever rose,
 " The whole long river has not such as those—
 " Places accursed, where, if a man remain, 340
 " He'll see the things which strike him to the brain ;
 " And there they made me on my paddle lean,
 " And look at them for hours ;—accursed scene !
 " When they would glide to that smooth eddy-space,
 " Then bid me leap and join them in the place ;
 " And at my groans each little villain sprite
 " Enjoy'd my pains and vanish'd in delight.

" In one fierce summer-day, when my poor brain
 " Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
 " Then came this father-foe, and there he stood, 350
 " With his two boys again upon the flood :
 " There was more mischief in their eyes, more glee
 " In their pale faces, when they glared at me :
 " Still they did force me on the oar to rest,
 " And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
 " He with his hand, the old man, scoop'd the flood,
 " And there came flame about him mix'd with blood ;
 " He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
 " Then flung the hot-red liquor in my face ;
 " Burning it blazed, and then I roar'd for pain, 360
 " I thought the demons would have turn'd my brain.

“ Still there they stood, and forced me to behold
“ A place of horrors—they can not be told—
“ Where the flood open’d, there I heard the shriek
“ Of tortured guilt—no earthly tongue can speak :
“ ‘ All days alike ! for ever ! ’ did they say,
“ ‘ And unremitting torments every day ’—
“ Yes, so they said ”—But here he ceased, and gazed 370
On all around, affrighten’d and amazed ;
And still he tried to speak, and look’d in dread
Of frighten’d females gathering round his bed ;
Then dropp’d exhausted, and appear’d at rest,
Till the strong foe the vital powers possess’d ;
Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
“ Again they come ! ” and mutter’d as he died.

COLERIDGE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

"Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibles quam visibles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quae loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabula, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernas vitæ minutias se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus."—T. BURNET, *Archæol. Phil.* p. 68.

ARGUMENT.

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.
[1798.]

PART I

An ancient Mariner	It is an ancient Mariner,
meeteth three	And he stoppeth one of three.
Gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.	"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye, Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
 "There was a ship," quoth he. 10
 "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eve of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child :
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he !
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—" 30
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 40

The ship driven
by a storm
toward the
south pole.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

50

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice,
and of fearful
sounds, where
no living thing
was to be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-
bird, called the
Albatross, came
through the
snow-fog, and
was received
with great joy
and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

70

And lo ! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ; The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, It perched for vespers nine ; Whilst all the night, through fog-smoke white, Glimmered the white moon-shine."

" God save thee, ancient Mariner ! From the fiends, that plague thee thus !— 80 Why look'st thou so ?"—" With my cross-bow I shot the Albatross."

PART II.

" The Sun now rose upon the right : Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the mariner's hollo !

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe : For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow. Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay, That made the breeze to blow !

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprise : Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. 100 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues ; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.
The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea ! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ; 120
Water, water, every where
Nor any drop to drink.

A Spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white. 130

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so :
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress, would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner : in sign
whereof they
hang the dead
sea-bird round
his neck.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.
Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

140

The ancient
Mariner
beholdeth a
sign in the
element afar off.

" There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.
At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.
A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

150

At its nearer ap-
proach, it seem-
eth him to be a
ship : and at a
dear ransom he
freeth his speech
from the bonds
of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

160

A flash of joy :

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their hreath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

And horror follows For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide ? See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more ! Hither to work us weal ; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steadies with upright keel ! 170

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth hum but the skeleton of a ship. And straight the Sun was flecked with bars (Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered With broad and burning face. 180

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun.
Like restless gossamer ?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. Are those her ribs through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate ? And is that Woman all her crew ? Is that a Death ? and are there two ? Is Death that woman's mate ?
The Spectre-Woman and her Death-Mate, and no other on board the skeleton-ship. Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Like vessel, like crew ! Her locks were yellow as gold : Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she, Who thickens man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death have diced for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner. The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice ; “ The game is done ! I've won ! I've won ! ” Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

200

At the rising of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

210

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eyc.

His shipmates drop down dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sign nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow ! ”

220

PART IV.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—

But the ancient "Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest ! 230
 Mariner assureth him of This body dropt not down.

his bodily life,
 and proceedeth to relate his hor-
 rible penance Alone, alone, all, all alone,
 Alone on a wide wide sea !
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm. The many men, so beautiful !
 And they all dead did lie :
 And a thousand thousand slimy things Lived on ; and so did I.

And enviyeth that they should live, and so many lie dead. I looked upon the rotting sea, 240
 And drew my eyes away ;
 I looked upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky Lay like a load on my weary eye, 251
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men. The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :
 The look with which they looked on me Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that Is a curse in a dead man's eye ! 260
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness
and fixedness
he yearneth to-
wards the jour-
neying Moon,
and the stars
that still so-
journ, yet still
move onward : Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
and everywhere
the blue sky be-
longs to them,
and is their
appointed rest.
and their native
country and
their own
natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly
expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

270

By the light of Beyond the shadow of the ship,
the Moon he I watched the water-snakes :
beholdeth God's creatures of the They moved in tracks of shining white,
great calm. And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track 280
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty O happy living things ! no tongue
and their Their beauty might declare :
happiness. A spring of love gushed from my heart,
He blesseth And I blessed them unaware :
them in his Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
heart. And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins The selfsame moment I could pray ;
to break. And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
Like lead into the sea.”

PART V.

"Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother, the
ancient Mariner
is refreshed
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
sounds and
seeth strange
sights and com-
motions in the
sky and the
element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

310

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about ,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

321

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspired,
 and the ship
 moves on ;

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

340

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pulled at one rope
 But he said nought to me."

But not by the
 souls of the men
 nor by demons
 of earth or
 middle air, but
 by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the
 invocation of
 the guardian
 saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"
 "Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast ; 351
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
Spirit from the
south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to the
angelic troop,
but still
requireth
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow, . . .
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,

360

370

380

With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoon.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

‘ Is it he ? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the man ?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.’

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.’

390

400

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

“ ‘ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ? ’

410

SECOND VOICE.

' Still as a slave before his lord,
 The ocean hath no blast ;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the moon is east—

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously 420
 She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner 410
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than
 human life
 could endure.

' But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

' The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The super- 430
 natural motion
 is retarded ; the
 Mariner awakes,
 and his penance
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high,
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is
finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 450
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
Mariner be-
holdeth his
native country. The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God ! 470
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light 480
Till rising from the same,

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

And appear in their own forms of light. A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
I heard the Pilot's cheer :
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII.

The Hermit of "This Hermit good lives in that wood
the Wood Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump : 520
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
'Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ?'

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.
'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere ! 530
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along ;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owllet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young,'

' Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared — ' Push on, push on ! ' 540
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread :
 It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
Mariner is saved
in the Pilot's
boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat ;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round ;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
 And fell down in a fit ;
 The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
 And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy
 Who now doth crazy go,
 Laughed loud and long, and all the while
 His eyes went to and fro.
 ' Ha ! ha ! ' quoth he, ' full plain I see,
 The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree, 570
 I stood on the firm land !
 The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
 And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him ; and the penance of life falls on him.

' O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! '
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 ' Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say—
 What manner of man art thou ? '

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a woful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale ; 580
 And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns :
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
 I have strange power of speech ;
 That moment that his face I see,
 I know the man that must hear me :
 To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests' are there :
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are :
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk,
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends
 And youths and maidens gay !

And to teach, by Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
 his own ex- To thee, thou Wedding-Guest ! 610
 ample, love and reverence to all
 things that God made and loveth. He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and hird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest 620
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned
 And is of sense forlorn :
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

NOTES.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

1. Cyprus was a principal seat of the worship of Aphrodite, whom the Romans knew as Venus.
7. Sincere : unalloyed.
14. Disgrace : ungracious condition of character.
17. As : as if.
59. Cymar : a loose robe.
69. Witnessed : bore witness to, expressed.
74. Running : continuous, carried right through. Cp. "a running accompaniment of cheers."
89. Fired : the reference is to Virgil, *Georgics* i. 84, on the practice of burning stubble, etc., to improve the soil.
102. In gross : without going into particulars.
136. Cudden : a born fool. Slavering : unable to retain one's saliva.
148. Form : beauty (Latin *forma*).
162. Still : always.
194. Of the better hand : as we say, "a fault on the right side."
200. Bishoped : confirmed, ratified. Iphigenia had so addressed him.
205. Obliged : bound (Latin *obligare*).
211. Doom : decision.
212. Prevent : forestall. Cp. I. 294.
217. Her ravished love : *i.e.* carrying off her loved person will make me feel as if in heaven.
259. Take place : have the preeminence. Cp. *Inter arma silent leges*.
273. Formal : ceremonial, stiff.
276. Spartan spouse : Helen, whose carrying off by Paris caused the Trojan War.

283. Secure : careless (Latin *securus*).
 284. Candy : Crete.
 323. Impotent : unrestrained, powerless over oneself (a Latinism). Cp. I. 418.
 354. The victors fear not their late enemies, who were few, but the whole Rhodian militia.
 357 ff. "A sneering reference to the English militia," based on the prejudice against any standing army.
 381. A hit at the doctrine of Passive Obedience to royal authority, widely taught by the Church of England.
 383. It remained for Fortune to drop him off her wheel altogether, *i.e.* to kill him, or . . .
 398. Crossed : opposed.
 439. Lysimachus knew what Cymon would dare from what he had dared.
 441. Manage : treat carefully, husband.
 487. Follow my leadership, or lead yourself. The repetition of "second" in a different sense is very awkward.
 496. Provoke : call, summon.
 508. Suborn : prepare secretly ; usually of false testimony.
 514. It pleased : it was decided (Latin *placuit*). Cp. I. 386.
 516. Required : demanded.
 518. Crowned : *i.e.* with garlands.
 519. Attends : awaits.
 538. Harpies : bird-women, who used to upset the feasts of Phineus. See Virgil, *Aeneid* iii. 212.
 570. Buxom : yielding, the original sense ; usually of persons, plump and jolly.
 585. Jove's isle : Crete or Candy, where Jove was born.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

3. A real lord had stolen a lock of hair from a young lady. Caryl, a family friend of Pope, suggested the poem as a means of laughing away the quarrel which ensued.
 13. Sol for the sun is a piece of the classical slang fashionable in Pope's day.
 18. The watch was a repeater. Notice the parody of the figure *hysteron proteron*. Of course the waker would make sure of the time before ringing the bell.
 23. Royal birthdays were celebrated by festivities at Court.

32. Fairies were thought to leave coins in the slippers of deserving housemaids, and in their dancing to make the dark circles often seen in grass.

44. Box : at the theatre (cp. v. 17); Ring : in Hyde Park—two resorts of fashion.

46. Sedan chairs were the usual mode of conveyance in town.

50. Vehicles : bodies, which carry the soul.

56. Ombre : the favoured card game of the time.

58. Elements : fire, water, earth and air.

79. Nymphs : ladies, another piece of classical slang; not the water-spirits mentioned above. Face : beauty.

90. At : at sight of.

94. Impertinence : extravagance, folly.

102. Drive : expel.

112. Pious : dutiful (Latin sense).

127. Th' inferior priestess : Kitty (see below). The deity they both serve is Belinda's face in the mirror.

134. Arabia is the traditional source of perfumes.

135. One comb was tortoise shell, the other ivory.

143, 144. The results of rouge, and of blackening her eyelids. "Purer" is very sarcastic.

146. Set the head : arrange the dead-dress.

147. Plait : gather in pleats.

ii. 47. Secure : free from care (Latin sense). Cp. *Cymon and Iphigenia*, 283.

70. I.e. a head taller than the rest.

79. Wandering orbs : probably comets.

81, 82. Pope knew that "shooting stars" are terrestrial phenomena, in the old phrase "below the moon" (cp. sublunary). The next line refers to the will o' the wisp.

103. Slight : we spell it "sleight." Cp. *Tam o' Shanter*, 127.

113. Drops : ear-rings.

126. Stopped : stoppered.

131. A styptic, such as alum, stops bleeding by making the flesh shrink.

133. Ixion : a criminal of classical mythology, whose punishment after death was being tied to a wheel.

134. The chocolate was roasted and ground before infusion in boiling water, the "sea."

139. Thrid : a form of "thread," pass through.

142. Birth of fate : what fate is going to bring forth.

iii. 3. The palace of Hampton Court, on the Thames.

30. **Nine** : The Muses. Each player held nine cards.

" 33. **Matadore, Spadillo, etc.** : names of particular cards in ombre. A real game is here described; Belinda and the Baron win four tricks each, and then Belinda wins the decider.

61. **Pam** : knave of clubs, the highest card in loo.

74. Globe and sceptre are parts of the regalia. Inspection of an old-fashioned pack of cards will explain the foregoing lines.

92. **Codille** here means approximately " losing the hand."

106 ff. Coffee berries crackle in roasting, they are ground in a mill, water is boiled in a spirit-lamp on a lacquered tray, the coffee-pot is silver and the cups china.

116. **Displayed** : spread out.

117. People talked politics in the coffee-houses, the forerunners of clubs.

127. Scylla's story is told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, viii.

132. **Engine** : we might say " instrument."

147. **Forfex** : the Latin for " scissors."

165. **Atalantis** : a social and political satire by Mrs. Manley, a clever journalist and ally of Swift.

166. It was customary for ladies to receive visitors in bed. The small pillow was to support them as they sat up.

iv. 16. **Spleen** : what we call the "blues." Jeremy Collier wrote: "The spleen is oftentimes nothing but a nice and exceptionable temper, which takes check at very little disappointment. . . . However it must be granted that these fits of chagrin proceed sometimes from natural causes" Continental opinion holds it a characteristic malady of the English.

18. **Vapour** : the point of this is that "vapours" was a synonym of spleen. Cp. I. 39.

24. **Megrism** : a severe form of headache.

25. **Wait** : attend.

29. **Ill-Nature** seems to be identified with Hypocrisy.

30. **Lampoons** : virulent or scurrilous satire upon an individual (N.E.D.).

43. **Spires** : coils. Cp. "spiral."

46. **Angels in machines** : theatrical angels. The lines suggest the transformation scene of a pantomime.

48 ff. **Spleen** is here a chronic disorder, melancholia or hysteria, almost insanity

51. **Hephaestus** (Vulcan) made animated dumb-waiters for the feasts of the gods.

88. **The sex** : women. Cp. the trade, meaning the liquor trade. See *Cymon and Iphigenia*, 325.

99 ff. Curl-papers, curling-irons, head-bands, and leaden clips to fasten the papers.

113 ff. The Baron is supposed to set the Loek in diamonds and wear it as a ring.

116. **Rapacious hand** : that hand that committed the "rape."

118. The church of St. Mary-le-Bowe being in the centre of the unfashionable "city," to live within sound of its bells was the mark of a Coekney.

127. "To open a case" is a legal phrase.

137. Notice the significance of this line to what follows in v. 75 ff.

v. 5. **The Trojan** : Aeneas, who abandoned Dido, Queen of Carthage; Anna was her sister.

23. **Patch** : wear patches on the face as a decoration.

30. **Flights** : tantrums.

52. The under-world is laid open to the light.

61, 64. These lines explain l. 60 : l. 64 is from an opera.

83. They made every atom of snuff take effect.

86. The unexpected and often undignified word "nose" makes a perfect climax to this admirable paragraph.

105. Shakespeare, *Othello* iii. 4, 92 ff.

122. **Tomes of casuistry** : volumes of hair-splitting divinity.

125. Romulus was taken up into heaven, seen only by Proculus.

129. Callimachus wrote a poem on the Lock of Berenice, which was fixed among the stars.

136. Rosamonda's lake was in St. James's Park, which is bounded on one side by the Mall.

137. John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and of the king of France then at war with the English (Warburton).

138. Galileo first used the telescope for astronomical discovery.

THE HERMIT.

12. **Tenor** : even course. We might say "his peace of mind."

15. **Depending** : hanging down (a Latinism).

23. **Swains alone** : rustics only, not men of rank or education.

26. A scallop shell was worn as a badge by pilgrims.

27. Rising : he lived in a valley ; the sun was rising too.

38. Deceived : we rather say " beguiled the way."

48. Their sloping sides of grass : the grassy slopes on which they stood.

49. Dome : house (a Latinism).

50. Still : always.

60. Canals : ornamental waters about the mansion.

103. Eager : sour (French *aigre*).

107. Still remark : silent observation.

155. Fact : deed (a Latinism).

163. Nice : requiring care. Cp. a nice experiment.

167. Careless : free from care, unsuspecting.

177. Pleasing odours and divine beings have been associated for ages. Milton's Raphael (*Paradise Lost*, v. 285) is probably Parnell's immediate original.

179. Gradual : the feathers were arranged in rows, like steps of stairs (Latin *gradus*).

199. Second means : human agency. God is himself the first cause of all.

221. See *Romans* xii. 20. There is of course a play on the words here.

223. Silver : the pure, silvery metal.

230. All but you thought he died of a fit.

242. See *2 Kings* ii. 11.

JOHN GILPIN.

3. Train-band : the militia of London, to which the most respectable householders of the city belonged. (T. W. Lyster.)

8. Holiday : notice the modern use, and contrast *Cymon and Iphigenia*, 40.

23. Calender : for calenderer, one whose business is pressing cloth smooth between rollers.

34. Agog : in eager readiness.

49. Saddle-tree : the wooden part of the saddle. Cp. roof-tree, hoot-tree.

64. Exercise : drill.

100. Rig : frolic.

115. The lookers-on, seeing the hottles, supposed that Gilpin was purposely weighted, according to the terms of some racing match. (T. W. Lyster.)

135. The great north road, which Gilpin was following, hero crossed a shallow stream.

178. In *merry pin* : in a merry frame of mind. The origin is obscure. N.E.D.

236. *Hue and cry* : outcry called for the pursuit of a felon. N.E.D. The French *cocher* still says *hue !* to his horse.

TAM O' SHANTER.

6. *Uneo* : very. The same word as uncouth, literally unknown, so strange; here an adverb, in 114 it is an adjective.

27. *Ilka melder* : every time of taking corn to be ground at the mill.

105. *John Barleycorn* : a personification of barley, from which malt liquor is made.

108. *Usquebae* : whiskey; the Irish form is usquebaugh, from *uisgebeatha*, water of life. Cp. *aqua vitae*.

154. *Seventeen-hunder linnen* : linen in which 1700 threads go to the warp. N.E.D.

100. *Rigwooddie* : a back-band for a cart-horse, here a term of abuse.

185. *Fidged fu' fain* : expressed pleasurable eagerness by restless movements. N.E.D.

PETER GRIMES.

The scene is Aldborough on the Suffolk coast, where Crabbe once lived, and the tale is founded on fact.

30. Notice the indirect way of letting us know that Peter's mother was dead.

62. Orphans from the parish workhouse were bound as apprentices, virtually sold to their employers.

67. *Trap* : light cart.

95. *Golden-eye* : a sea-duck of the genus *Clangula*.

344. Cp. I. 200. An open sluice makes an eddy in the main channel.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

12. *Eftsoons* : soon after, immediately.

13-16. These lines were written by Wordsworth. The poem first appeared in the famous *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, most of which were by Wordsworth.

32. A *fagotto* presented by Coleridge's friend Tom Poole to Stowey church choir furnished the hint of "the loud bassoon" in this line (T. Hutchinson).

42. **Tyrannous** and strong : from Wordsworth's *The Waterfall and the Eglantine*. The words were not in Coleridge's original text.

62. **Swound** : an old form of "swoon."

74. **Hollo** : Cp. *Tam o' Shanter*, 200

98. **Uprist** : rises up : a past tense : Chaucer uses the word as a substantive.

141. **Cross** seems to be put for cross-bow.

184. T. Hutchinson quotes from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journal*: "The surface of the (Quantoek) heath restless and glittering with the waving of spiders' threads . . . miles of grass, light and glittering, and the insects passing."

200 (margin). Courts of the sun : the tropics.

226-7. These lines are by Wordsworth.

262. The turning-point of the story, indicated with wonderful skill by means of a marked variation in the metre. The shuddering, convulsive cry of the Mariner is arrested, and a pause of silence ensues, followed by the magical lines which tell how the mild Regent of the Night, heretofore merely a spectator of the drama, now intervenes, as the Sailor's Friend, for healing and composure. (T. Hutchinson.)

296. A beautiful address to Sleep in Fletcher's *Valentinian* has

Into this prince gently, oh gently, slide,
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

535. **Ivy-tod** : ivy-bush (from Spenser).

624-5. In the original text the Mariner had prophesied

Sadder and wiser, thou wedding-guest,
Thou'l rise to-morrow morn.

QUESTIONS.

* * * A good dictionary, such as *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*, or Cassell's new edition, is a necessity to all students.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

21. What is meant by " wit's despair " ?
40. Why is the church mentioned ?
63. What do you notice about this line ? Find another such.
- 74-85. State shortly the point of this comparison.
116. Explain this line.
121. Notice the correct use of " awful." What is the incorrect use ?
176. What is the metaphor contained in " filed " ?
196. Parse " refined."
225. Explain the use of " ambushed " here ? What other meaning has the word ?
300. Who is the proud archangel ?
303. Parse " cursed."
305. What should we say for " would be " ? Cp. l. 314.
308. What does " even " go with in sense ?
319. Explain this line.
383. Parse " rolled."
418. What figure of speech is used in this line ?
420. Give the sense in ordinary prose.
424. What previous line does this refer to ?
442. Parse " pondered " and " fixed."
- 450, 451. Has " they " the same reference in both lines ?
494. What word should we use for " neuter " ?
- 519, 520. Criticize the English of these lines.
525. What case is " those " ?

537. Explain "rebounds."

Choose and classify some alliterative lines.

Which passages would you select as examples of swift narrative?

How did Dryden pronounce—shew, join, glean, sea?

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

7. Who is the goddess? How does she speak?

7.12. Point out the artful construction of this passage.

11. Why "little"? Contrast ii. 27.

13. Why "timorous"?

30. State briefly what the nurse taught, and what the priest.

36. How is "narrow" used? Cp. propitious (ii. 36), and nodding (v. 51).

42. Has "militia" the same sense here as in *Cydon and Iphigenia*, 357?

59. What is a termagant?

89. What is a bidden blush?

95, 96. What are the meanings of "but" here?

100. What did "toy" mean in Pope's day?

105. What does "thy protection" mean here? What two possible meanings has "Caesar's praise"?

Cp. birth of Fate (ii. 140).

108. Explain "ruling star."

121. What does "toilet" mean here?

124. Name some of the "cosmetic powers."

131. Write a note on "nice." Cp. ii. 94, iv. 124, *The Hermit*, 163.

ii. 26. Explain "surprise the finny prey."

55. Write a note on "denizens."

86. Write a note on "glebe."

120. Comment on "ribs of whale."

iii. 8. What figure of speech is used in this line?

36. What does "place" mean? Cp. *Cydon and Iphigenia*, 259.

38. What should we say for "whiskers" here?

100. What are the canals? See *The Hermit*, 60.

111. What does "at once" mean here?

147, 148. What figure of speech is used in these lines ?
 171. Explain this line.
 178. What is the force of "unresisted" ?
 iv. 20. Why "East" ?
 111. What is a degraded toast ? Cp. v. 10.
 132. What adjective describes this line ?
 158. Of what famous lines does this remind you ?
 171. Write a note on "uncouth." Cp. *Tam o' Shanter*, 6.
 v. 45. Explain "makes."
 47. Supply the words understood, and re-write in prose order.
 115. Point out the sarcasm on heroes.
 147. Explain "those fair suns."
 150. Why is "dishevelled" appropriate ?
 Collect Pope's sarcasms on the love of lap-dogs.
 How many phrases does he use for "card table" ?
 How did he pronounce—tea, sphere, Rome ?
 Give a considered opinion of Clarissa's speech (v. 11-34).
 Can you infer from the poem anything about Pope's attitude to religion ?
 Refer to passages showing his general opinion of women.
 What would you say if you were asked to compare the use of spirits in this poem with Coleridge's in *The Ancient Mariner* ?

THE HERMIT.

11. Express this line in ordinary prose.
 52. Explain "flourish."
 63. What is "the call" ?
 68. Parse "but." What do you think of the grammar in *John Gilpin*, l. 113 ?
 112. Explain "settling." Cp. I. 185.
 122. Comment on the use of "wary."
 165. What does "bending" stand for ?
 169. Criticize "sinks among the dead."
 176. Explain this line. What is a nimbus ?
 190. Explain "charms."
 220. What sort of artists is meant ?
 228. What does "had" stand for ?

237. What is the point of this line ?
 Describe as shortly as possible the contrasting characters
 of the three hosts.
 Parnell's Irish origin partly explains the pronunciation of
 "peace" in the last line. Find three other examples
 of the same thing.
 Collect the five similes in the poem, and show clearly what
 is compared to what in each.

JOHN GILPIN.

3. Explain and parse "eke." What other part of speech
 may it be ?
 7. Can you see any point in the alliteration ?
 26. Parse "for."
 54. What is the subject of "grieved" ? Cp. ll. 85, 216, 236.
 119. What were turnpike-men ?
 122. Explain "reeking." Cp. *Tam o' Shanter*, 148.
 142. How was "balcony" pronounced ?
 192. What does "ease" mean ?
 201. Explain "bootless." Cp. *Peter Grimes*, 220.

PETER GRIMES.

2. What does "combined" mean here ?
 23. Explain "assert the man."
 32. Write a note on "maudlin."
 43. What does "filch" mean ? What did he filch ?
 136, 137. Give a prose version of these lines.
 181. What are neap tides ?
 198. What is a bull-rush home ?
 208. What is a reach of a river ?
 253. What is a parish bed ?
 300. Why are only two boys mentioned ?
 What passage illustrates Crabbe's power of describing
 natural objects ?
 Read Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, and contrast it with this
 poem.
 Tennyson praised Crabbe's gift of a *hard* pathos, and found
 "a merciless thud about his lines which suits his
 subjects." Illustrate these remarks.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

67. This line originally stood "The mariners gave it biscuit-worms." Can you suggest why Coleridge changed it ?
78. Why does the Mariner break off here ?
174. Why "broad" ? Contrast l. 114.
383. What is the use of this detail ?
394. Explain this line.
475. What is "shadow" put for ?
512. What does "shrieve" mean ?

"*The Ancient Mariner* drives home the truth that colour is the most potent element of an image." Illustrate this. Collect instances of the pathetic repetition of words. A lady told Coleridge that this poem had no moral : he replied that it had too much. Consider these sayings in an essay.

Make a short abstract of the poem from the marginal notes.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY.

The Globe edition of Dryden gives all the necessary assistance in the way of notes. His great historical Satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*, at least should be read.

The Globe edition of Pope is the most convenient. Hales' *Longer English Poems* has valuable notes on *The Rape of the Lock*, which call attention to the innumerable parodies of Homer, Virgil and Milton. Pope's *Satires and Moral Essays* should be read, especially the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. Hazlitt has an excellent essay on Dryden and Pope in *Lectures on the English Poets* (Everyman Library), in which he also treats of Cowper and Burns.

There is a good volume of selections from Burns in Dent's *King's Treasures of Literature*.

Cowper and Crabbe should be read in quantity, and need little assistance. Cowper's *The Task* is far more entertaining than its title, and many of the shorter poems, such as *The Colubriad*, *The Retired Cat*, *On a Mischievous Bull*, are delightful. Cowper's Letters are some of the best in the language. There is a good selection in Macmillan's Eversley Series. The best essay on Crabbe is in Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library*.

Coleridge wrote only two other magical poems, both unfinished—*Christabel* and *Kubla Khan*. Swinburne has an essay on him in *Essays and Studies*.

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